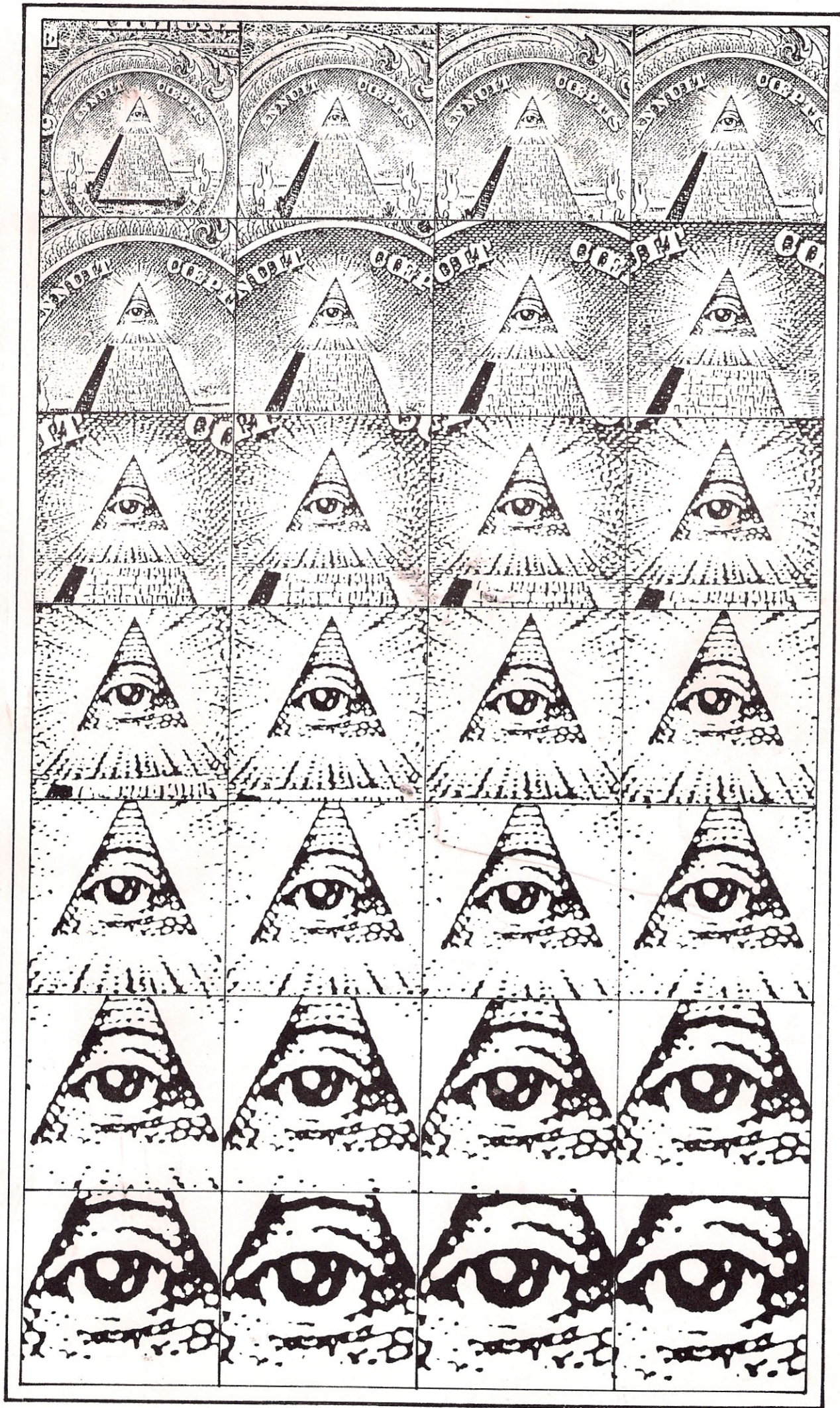


# (progress) report





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## INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the first issue of PROGRESS REPORT. Three months later than planned but.... Anyway, we aim to cover all shamefully ignored aspects of music, film and literature and any additional topics that we feel people would be interested in knowing more about. We realise that there has been a glut of such magazines in the last year or so but feel that we will still be able to offer something that comes across as fresh and different. All comments, suggestions and submissions are welcome. Issue two will be out in January 1993. See you then.

*David B.*

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REVIEWS - HASSNI

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PROGRESS REPORT c/o WORK IN PROGRESS  
BCM WIP, LONDON, WC1N 3XX, ENGLAND



# BEE QUEEN

For some time Dutch group Beequeen have been gaining attention. Mostly from their most recent release, a 78rpm flexi disc called "Nouen." Who or what is Beequeen?

I.A. Who are Beequeen?

BQ : Beequeen consists of Freek Kinkelaar and Frans de Waard. In November 1988 Freek was asked to do a solo support slot for the Legendary Pink Dots at a gig in Utrecht. Freek then asked Frans to form a group, which became Beequeen. On January the 13th 1989 we did this performance and after that we performed with them twice more and also at a hometapers festival, a dreamachine event and with The Haters.

I.A. What is your music made of and how would you describe it?

BQ : We use anything we can get apart from 'normal' instruments like guitars, synths, violins etc. We make sounds with everyday objects which we sometimes sample. Also we have a small collection of ethnical instruments and we listen carefully to records and tapes to see if there is anything we can steal. We work according to improvisation. On a four track we record the basic material over which we improvise. Later on we see how we can mix it, use effects, make new bits or erase them etc. Our music is overall quiet with many layers of sound. Occassionally there are short tracks of noise. Not really melodic but we try to make it harmonious. Sometimes its rhythmical.....

I.A. What is the meaning of the name Beequeen?

BQ : The name is derived from the work of the German artist Joseph Beuys, who worked a lot with symbols of bees and honey in his work. Both Freek and Frans are interested in his ideas and his work.

I.A. Could you explain his work?

BQ : In short we could say that his ideas not only fitted a limited area called art, but were for life itself. His expanded concept of 'art' meant that everybody could be an artist, apart from his real profession. For us as non trained musicians that is something of great value.

I.A. What have you released?



BQ : On Frans' label, Korm Plastics, we released a tape called "Mappa Mundi." We also did a split LP with Technological Aquiver, a one sided lp "Fond" with 3 live tracks and 2 studio ones. Also we've done a 7" and 12" with Beequeen on one side and The Legendary Pink Dots on the other. This was music for a fashion show by Rene Heid. And our most recent release is the 78 RPM flexi.

I.A. Why 78 RPM?

BQ : Well we assume everybody is familar with Brion Gysins Dreamachine. We brought 3 copies of the kit (from KK records) and made an installation for an audience here in Nijmegen. To this we added a 45 minute soundtrack. We wanted to rework this sountrack into an LP but we were never really happy with the result. But on the other hand some of it wasn't bad. So we made a cut-up and decided to put it out on a flexi. 78RPM seemed logical as the Dreamachines rotate at this speed. Also the idea of making a record which at least 99% of mankind has to play at the wrong speed was attracting. It isn't possible with CDs.....

I.A. The future?

BQ : At the moment we are busy editing an LP, which hopefully comes out on Anomalous Records of Los Angeles. Early 1993 we hope to release a CD for ND which has two long pieces, one for guitar only and a soundtrack to a film/ photo exhibition. We would like to make something for a dance production and we would like to perform live more than we do.

Beequeen  
c/o Freek Kinkelaar  
Bloemerstraat 87  
6511 EE Nijmegen  
The Netherlands





# NICK ZEDD

Unlike most people, I suffer from an obsessive mental disorder that has made me think I could be a motion picture director without being a multimillionaire. In a perverse way I have accomplished this. But at what cost to my sanity?

The only family I now have are my movies. These movies are enormously unpopular and with each new monstrosity I create a more hideous distortion of "reality" and a more real expression of what I am. I have tried to release my id in my films -- to express something beyond words -- my own confusion and horror, joy and ecstasy at being alive. These deformed, brilliant and beautiful entities are shadows of light and sound made to cut through the hypocrisy to which you and I are conditioned.

Unreasonable expectations were planted in my brain when I was five years old and I saw "Voyage To A Prehistoric Planet." I was stunned and traumatized by the thought of being shipwrecked on a planet of dinosaurs and cavemen. Little did I know this was to be my destiny.

Thanks to my obsession I became a hermit. I tried to visit the vomitorium of mediocrity that passes for our real world and I once almost believed that I was in touch with real people. But a chillingly mindless cheerfulness was incomprehensible to me, especially when imposed by a series of bad jokes. The squealing noises people make to children and cats are also incomprehensible to me -- they appear to be faked -- and the smug cynicism and insulting innuendos of the carrion I know make me want to puke.

A couple of years ago I went to Germany and did a tour showing my movies. In Nuremberg a gang of radical feminists in ski masks led by Commander Zora broke into the movie theater and threw garbage and catshit all over the audience, then ran out after throwing manifestos on the floor denouncing the "reactionary chauvinist provocation" of the program notes announcing my films. That got me on the front page of the papers the next day.

Several years ago, angered by the spiteful film critics at the Voice and other publications who blacklisted me for the crime of criticizing their indifference, I devised a plan to subvert their ignorance by launching a movement known as the Cinema Of Transgression. Publishing a magazine called The Underground Film Bulletin I wrote a series of manifestos lauding the emergence of new films by people like Nazi Dick, Tommy Traitor, Manuel



Delanda, Erotic Psyche and a plethora of others, most of whom betrayed the movement years later in acts of petty jealousy and heroin induced fraud. For awhile the plan worked and journalists and curators temporarily woke up and paid attention to films they'd been ignoring for years. Sooner or later, though, almost every filmmaker I mentioned in **articles** or included in group shows ended up stabbing me in the back, lying to me or accusing me of exploiting them by exposing their work to more people. Some, in their jealous treachery went so far as to write falsified biographies of me which were then printed in nationally circulated magazines as my "obituary." I was astonished at the vehemence of their jealousy and the absurd lengths to which these pedological pipsqueaks would go to discredit me. Nobody seemed to notice how much their limited fame depended on my clandestine support so I decided to drop the traitors and let them flounder on their own.

In the nightmarish debacle of bringing the Cinema Of Transgression to life the only things that didn't betray me were the films I made. I have since devoted my energy to the creation and dissemination of these films to my eternal regret.

The awareness that the outside world is resolutely committed to going backwards bothers me. I see it every time my roommate turns on the T.V. The person I live with spends hours sitting in front of it watching programs which are crude propaganda for a "normal" point of view. All conflicts are cheerfully resolved with a fake sincerity by boringly ordinary people oozing a pustulant sentimentality. That every cliché on TV is met with a hail of applause and laughter reinforces the illusion of democratic consensus. But how could someone like me turn the poison of mass sedation around.

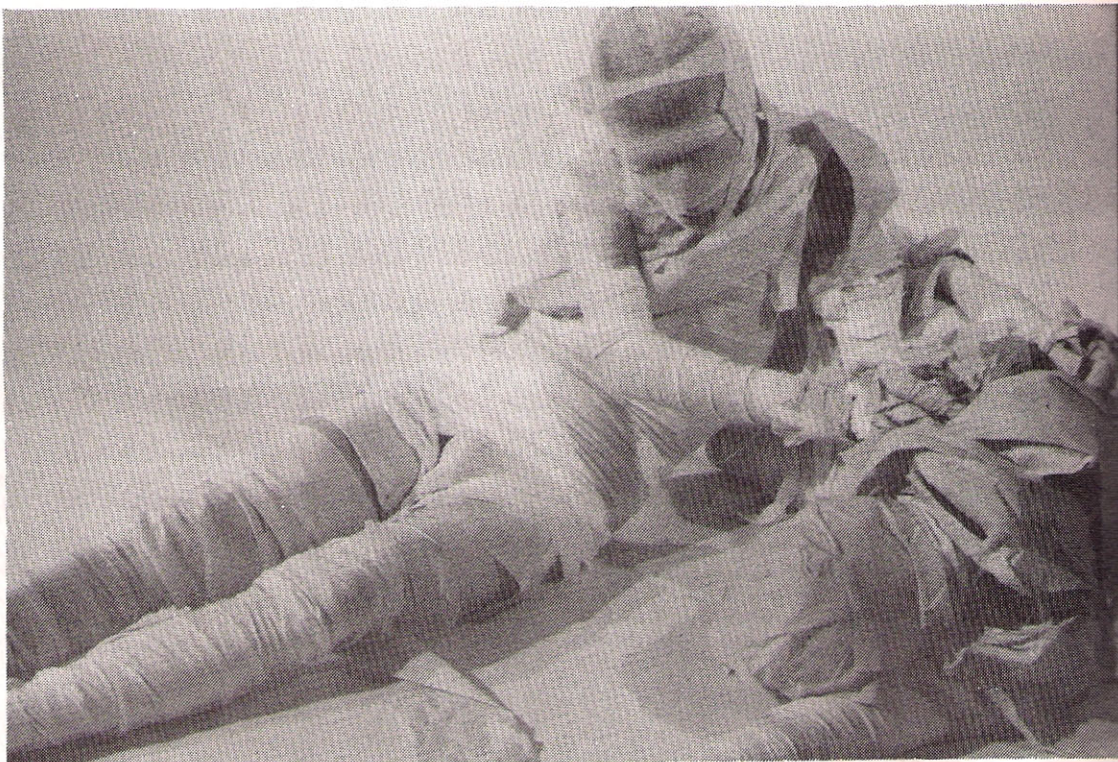
I discovered that being an underground filmmaker makes me less than nothing. With the



NICK ZEDD.



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STEVEN ODDO AND NANCY LEOPARDI IN WAR IS MENSTRUAL ENVY

front of the White House. Why I had to find an activity designed to obliterate the values of the dominant hierarchy is beyond me. Why couldn't I be happy just driving a cab?

Being an independent filmmaker is a baroque curse. It means none of your films will likely be reviewed by anyone and only a fraction of the general public will ever know you exist. I have tried to get my films seen and distributed but no one will touch them. My "lifestyle" has become an obscene parody dictated by endless games designed to con people out of money so I can buy enough film to puke out a few more turkeys before I die. The only people I have anything to do with are my investor and my roommate, two strange creatures I've been trying to get away from with no luck.

It has taken me ten years to find somebody dumb enough to be my investor. This person is a commercial artist who would rather be doing something avant garde but is unwilling to sacrifice material comfort in order to achieve this goal. This person lives vicariously, enabling me to create my masterworks which make no money and are hated by everyone.

Recently, I thought if I made a movie in which everyone was naked I might get laid. The film, entitled "War Is Menstrual Envy" would deal directly with the misdirection of my sexual energy. Two of the actresses on this project might have wanted to fuck me but for some reason I didn't feel right about it. I thought if I played an octopus I might be able to rape Annie Sprinkle but Kembra Squalor insisted on doing the scene instead and would only allow her husband to rape her. I thought up another scene where I'd play a mummy and



have sex with an old girlfriend but she had band practice the night we were supposed to do it so I had to give the scene to two other actors. I pray I will find some way to get laid before this film is done since it is costing my investor so much money.

My roommate spends more time talking to cats than to people. Every penny I raise driving a cab goes to pay Baby Jane Holzer, ex - Warhol superstar turned greedy slumlord. My rent is three times what it should be. These sixties superstars are now parasites leeching off poor creatures like me, stealing our architecture and selling it back to us at fantastic prices.

A couple of years ago in a vain attempt to protest the murder of Michael Stewart by a gang of transit cops who were later exonerated by our evil judicial system, I made a film called "Police State." It demonstrated the lengths to which the State will go to exterminate those who deviate from the approved cultural stereotype. Since making the film I have tried without luck to get it seen in America and Canada where it was twice stopped from being shown by government censors. In New York, no theater will exhibit the film and I have been repeatedly turned down for grants to finance future work. When I took "Police State," "War Is Menstrual Envy" and another film called "Whoregasm" to show in Washington D.C. only three paying customers showed up. I spent six hours the night before putting posters all over the University of Maryland and downtown D.C. No newspaper would mention the films and a heavy snowstorm occurred the night of the show to keep people away.

Maybe some day people will care about underground films but I doubt it. That's part of the definition of being underground now. Nobody cares. In the face of a mad rush to be normal most Americans won't bother to go see anything out of the ordinary. I have accepted this. In our present era of mindless complacency and profound ignorance, America, the great Fascist Empire is controlled by multinational corporations dedicated to the destruction of diversity and in their stampede to crush deviants, urban planners and corporate gentrifiers have made enormous gains at the expense of those aspirations of the human spirit to which all civilizations are ultimately judged. One day, the transient concerns of our national corporate oligarchy will vanish into dust along with the military industrial complex which sucks up such a disproportionate amount of our peoples money. In a thousand years like any civilization ours will be judged on those contributions to the human spirit which remain free and they can only be seen in the subterranean artifacts being produced by the impoverished and the marginalised and it is for this reason that I continue to make films whether or not anyone comes to see them because they speak to me and to future generations who will one day dispose of this monolith of greed that oppresses us all.



# REVIEWS

## AUDIO

CONRAD SCHNITZLER and JORG THOMASIU - TOLLING TOGGLE (CD) FUNFUNDVIERZIG

These two Germans are new to me, but on the strength of this hour long album it would be fair to assume they are one of the finest assemblers of sound, around. The 18 instrumental pieces (on a starkly black CD) are like the finest horror soundtracks everyone forgot to write. Comparisons are unfair but if you must, tracks like "Fagofuck," are similar to Angelo Badalamenti's (lately of Julee Cruise and David Lynch fame) work on "Nightmare On Elm St 3" soundtrack. In other places it's reminiscent of Coils' "Hellraiser" soundtracks. Chimes, loops, swirls and synthetic instruments are all interwoven with effect. They have a sense of space which is vital and usually lacking from all too many bands today. It's a cold and foreboding sound that unsettles the listener without resorting to old tricks. A superb release and one that I highly urge you to track down. I look forward to hearing some more of their work. Available from : FUNFUNDVIERZIG, SCHMIEDETWIETE 6, 2411 LABENZ, GERMANY. HASSNI

BOURBONESE QUALK - MY GOVERNMENT IS MY SOUL (CD) FUNFUNDVIERZIG

This is a really eclectic album. It starts off with "Guilt" a early Cabaret Voltaire sounding track. Just as you think you know what to expect you suddenly get a funky up tempo dance piece complete with Thrill Kill Kult type vocals. Swiftly followed by an oriental sounding rhythmical instrumental. The whole of the album carries on in these styles and there's even an attempt to sound like Ministry on "Eist." I have no idea when this was recorded so can't say if it's ahead of its time or just derivative. But whichever it's worth a listen.

Available from : FUNFUNDVIERZIG. DAVE B

SLEEP CHAMBER - SEXMAGICK RITUAL (CD) FUNFUNDVIERZIG

Sleep Chamber is ritualistic mode. The album opens with "Flesh Triksen," a 27 minute long beautiful, atmospheric piece. It uses bells, creaks, violins, thigh bones and voice and is the highlight of the album. The other standout tracks on this are "Succubi Circle," which is a hypnotic bass note repeating with more of the atmospheric noises over laid and "The Vision & Voice." Which is comprised of people chanting in the background whilst a Latin text is read over the top. It's a very simple track but it works really well. The whole album is in a similar vein and shows a side of Sleep Chamber that I prefer to their normal harsher sound. Available from : FUNFUNDVIERZIG. DAVE B



SLEEP CHAMBER - SLEEP, OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PIECE (CD) FUNFUNDVIERZIG

Regular, pumping drum machines pretty much reached their pinnacle of effectiveness with Big Black, for me anyway. So the idea of a Sleep Chamber album based around one didn't fill me with enthusiasm. But after a few listens the hour long album showed many of the erotic charms that we've come to depend on from these Boston boys. The magickally reversed sounds, drones and cut ups threaded through the drums. The controlled and precise sound is sexually enervating as it throws up desires of bondage and punishment. If the grinding, animal rhythm of the stunning "Way Ov The Flesh," doesn't twitch your boogie muscle, you need help.

The album, may not be their finest to date, but there are some good tracks here. Heck they even cover Magazines' "The Light Pours Out Of Me." Can't say fairer than that. Worth a listen. Available from : FUNFUNDVIERZIG. HASSNI

FAUST - THE FAUST TAPES (CD) RECOMMENDED

There seems to be something of a Faust revival looming, everybody from Pavement to Loop dropping their name. But the praise is justified. Seemingly overshadowed by Can, Faust are ignored at the listeners loss. This album was originally released just after they'd signed to Virgin as a filler before the next release. What a filler!! Faust were so far ahead of their time that we still haven't caught them up. This release is culled from hundreds of hours of tapes they amassed between 1971 - 1973. They cover every conceivable style from classical to avant-garde to rock but each track still has that essential Faustness to it. The music is impossible to describe without going into a detailed breakdown of each track but is basically electronics, guitars and rhythms overlaid with keyboards, sax and anything else you can think of but different to anything you'll have heard before. This is an essential purchase. Highly recommended. Available from : THESE RECORDS, 387 WANDSWORTH ROAD, LONDON, SW8 2JL. DAVE B

THIS HEAT - THIS HEAT and DECEIT (CD) THESE

This Heat were a legendary group existing from 1976 to 1982. During that time they only released two albums, a 12" and a split tape but left an indelible mark on musical history. The two albums are fairly different. This Heat being more improvised and Deceit being more structured. This Heat has an ambient feel to it. Most of the tracks here have a feeling of space, although there's a lot going on in the form of keyboards, vocals, percussion and ethnic rhythms. Favourites here are "24 Track Loop," which starts from a simple synth rhythm and builds up into a complex wall of sound and "Horizontal Hold," a more new wave(ish) piece with bass, guitar and drums all pointing towards the direction of Deceit. This is almost a more experimental type of Wire. Most of the tracks take a standard format but have that something different to make your ears prick up. There's a couple of more experimental pieces, most notably "Shrink Wrap." If you're new to This Heat then try Deceit first but both are timeless. Recommended. Available from : THESE. DAVE B



MONTE CAZAZZA - THE WORST OF MONTE CAZAZZA (CD) THE GREY AREA

A very welcome retrospective of Montes' musical career. It starts with a psychiatrist giving his view of the album with him using some great Freudian cliches. Psychomasturbation, anal retentive, you name it, it's there. I think he's sadly missing the humour in the music.

The first batch of tracks are in the traditional industrial vein and a number of them were recorded with the help of T.G. "Rabid Rats," a previously unreleased track is one of the best. An industrial soundscape with Monte telling us how the US army used rabid rats to chase the Vietcong out of their tunnels. There's also "Kick That Habit Man." A Brion Gysin cut-up recited over a casiotone type musical backing. Brilliant. The classic industrial pop piece "Stairway To Hell," also makes an appearance. The second half of the album has a more commercial edge to it. With a nasty sounding drum machine appearing on "Six Eyes From Hell." "Tiny Tears," also deserves a mention. Montes' version of an advert for a child's doll. Worth getting the album for this alone. DAVE B

THOMAS LEER AND ROBERT RENTAL - THE BRIDGE (CD) THE GREY AREA

This was originally recorded in 1979 after a two week period of recording using equipment borrowed from Throbbing Gristle. This naturally gives the album a TGish sound with a slightly more melodic lilt to it. There was some disagreement as to which direction the album should go in. A compromise was reached and the result is an album of two distinct styles. Tracks one to five are more melodic electronics with vocals. Perhaps slightly Ultravox like. Whilst the remaining tracks are far more instrumental and atmospheric particularly "Interferon." Very much a product of its time, but worth a listen. DAVE B

THE GEROGERGEGERE - 45RPM PERFORMANCE (CD) DARK VINYL

You never know what to expect from a Gerogerigegege release and this one really took me by surprise. It's two tracks are produced using two 7" records and two turntables. Don't let that put you off. The results are astounding. Scratches, locked grooves and needles being dragged across vinyl are all processed through reverbs, delays and echoes. The result is a soundtrack for armageddon. Huge crashes and explosions tear out of the speakers creating an effect beyond words. Recommended. Available from : DARK VINYL, KETTELSTRASSE 4, D-8595 WALDSASSEN, GERMANY. DAVE B

PAVEMENT - SLANTED AND ENCHANTED (LP) BIG CAT

On first hearing this is a pretty unremarkable guitar/drums yanky indie sound. But on repeated play, it isn't bad at all. Basic Pixies(ish) set up but with enough anal-excitation to warrant further investigation. Have fun playing the "spot their favourite bands" game. Not as "out of it" as I like, but it's enjoyable enough. One to hear when your bloodstream is chemical analogue free and you are well. Take a look at the back cover artwork. Nice, yes? HASSNI



#### VARIOUS ARTISTS - KNOCKOUT (CD) VISION

The Swiss "Vision" label is new to me, but judging by this 1991 label sampler they have put out a gem or two in their time. Bands include Hirnschlag, Frances Zorn, Cosmics etc. Consisting of material released in forms as diverse as home-recordings and remixed LPs, most mixes on this have not been put out before. From some, frankly, ordinary punkfunk to collages of found samples it's a fair old mixture of approaches. But all have a tendency towards the -- cough -- "experimental," with varying degrees of success. Although this collection is far better than most of its ilk, I do find the whole euroindustrialbeat (or whatever it's called this week) scene a tad sterile. But for an hour of harmless sound this will do fine, despite the odd reservation (eg Thin Kings' "Sucker" is nothing more than student pop with fuzzed guitar). A few tracks, most notably by 16-17 and Electric Noise Twist are quite wonderful and justify the purchase of this alone. Some outrageously squak-arsed grunting sax that would do Lol Coxhill proud. Slap on 16-17s "Reason For Operating," or "Clap Trap" and hammer a nail into your knee cap. Yup, THAT good. Available from : VISION, PO BOX 568, CH 4005, BASEL, SWITZERLAND. HASSNI

#### BUM GRAVY - FAT DIGESTER c/w SUPER M (7") FIST-FUN RECORDS

This is guitar noise in the Skullflower/Splintered mode. "Fat Digester," is a riff based track with a continual drum rhythm and processed vocals. It's like a cross between Pussy Galore and a demented Rockabilly band. "Super M," is slightly more up tempo with Napalm Death style vocals and a bass line that could have come from an early Black Sabbath album. The sound like the kind of band who would go down really well live. Which is fortunate cos they're playing at a town near you soon. Available from : FIST-FUN RECORDS, c/o JASON WHITTAKER, 110 RENFREW ROAD, IPSWICH, SUFFOLK, IP4 3HJ. DAVE B

#### WHITE SLUG - CAGE PARALYSIS (tape) FIST-FUN RECORDS

New product from the slimmed down White Slug. One side retrospective and one of current material. It's difficult to make comparisons, but, Cop Shoot Cop come to mind for the older material and Foetus for the newer stuff. The music has lots of preacher and anti authoritarian samples combined with menacing vocals and a heavy keyboard sound. If you've yet to experience the pleasure of White Slug then I'd recommend you do so. Available from : FIST-FUN RECORDS. DAVE B

#### ROGER DOYLE - OIZZO NO and CHARLOTTE CORDAY (CD) ARTWARE

Two albums from Irish composer Roger Doyle whose work I'd not heard before. I put on Oizzo No and it did absolutely nothing for me. Expecting a feast of experimental music I ended up being served some rather uninspiring attempts at modern classical composition. There are a couple of more experimental pieces, eg "Obstinato." Which is a fairly interesting tape piece, but it pales in comparison to similar work that Steve Reich did in the early sixties. The second album, composed in 1989 to celebrate the anniversary of the French Revolution, is where things really start to happen. The first piece Charlotte



Corday, is a collage of all sorts of weird and wonderful sounds and is reminiscent of Nurse With Wound circa "Homotopy.." The following track "The Lament Of Louis XVI," really captures the spirit of the revolution with marching drums and high pitched ambient sounds. You get two additional tracks which are in a similar vein to "Charlotte." Buy the second album and borrow the first one. Available from : ARTWARE AUDIO, TAUNUSSTR 63b, 6200 WIESBADEN, GERMANY. DAVE B

MASTER/SLAVE RELATIONSHIP - SEMI AUTOMATIC MANSTOPPERS (tape) MSR

A much harshersounding M/SR than on the previous album "Being Led Around By The Tongue." But it's an equally enjoyable one. Debbie seems to have gone for a more atmospheric album. The music is made up of beautiful harsh and overdriven synth noises with well programmed and subtly used drum machines. Voice only plays a small role and when it's used it's always processed and/or going backwards making it into more of an instrument. With the exception of the lacklustre "Bloodbath," this is the best M/SR product yet. Available from : MSR, PO BOX 191211, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94119-1211, USA. DAVE B

CUL DE SAC - SAKHALIN c/w CANT (7") SHOCK RECORDS

Boston's finest come up with 2 twangy instrumentals that are too good to grace your crummy collection. Lord only knows how many records they've put out (if any) in their year or so together, but this appears to be the first one that's even been vaguely available over here. All be it in a numbered edition of 1,000 with cover art by Savage Pencil. Carried by a bass that squats in front of you and wobbles with moodyness, both tracks are infectious and the best tunes written by anyone in a long time. Made up of ex members of Shut Up and Bullet La Volta (!!), Cul de Sac have "classic," tattooed all over their cute little butts. An essential purchase. Trust me. Available from : SHOCK 45, 56 BERESFORD ROAD, CHINGFORD, LONDON, E4 6EF. HASSNI

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# VIDEO

'YOU'VE MADE YOUR BED.....NOW DIE IN IT' by RICHARD BAYLOR.  
(EYEFUCK FILMS INTER. 1991)

This VHS only release by first time film maker R. Baylor collects 3 stunning films which come with soundtracks provided by contemporary 'experimental' bands.

The first is a 6 minute, almost 'cut up' film called 'Thoughts From The White Walls.' It was written by David Bourgoin and tells the story of a young male who crashes his motorbike, killing an infant and mother. As the biker lies in the sterile whitewalled room that sucks nightmares from his unconscious self, he is jolted by guilt into a somewhat hallucinatory world where the mother seeks revenge for his murderous deed. She screws him while he lies unconscious, thus stealing away any notion of his supposed dominant male power, and finally hacks him to death wiping all trace of him from this world.

As with all the finest of films, this deals successfully with a fragmentation of perception caused by crippling guilt and the almost arrogant cowardice of male youth. It's an astonishing film, well filmed, well thought out, and well edited. The equally mesmerising soundtrack is provided by Whiteslug.

In the second film, entitled 'Dum Dum,' a male has fallen out with his girlfriend. He remembers the rather appealing mannequin he saw in the shop window that afternoon, so at night he swipes it. The ideal women. You look perfect; you don't talk back; you don't say no. I dress you up in that stupid girlfriends clothes. You're more real than she ever was. Shall we have dinner tonight, with ol'd blue eyes crooning? And at night prehaps we could... ahh, and why not indeed.

In the morning the girlfriend returns and collects her things and leaves. He's been cheating on the mannequin! It follows him into the bathroom. Bang, bang you're dead. At your own hands. Dum Dum bullets no doubt.

Can't say I was taken by this particular film, but it's certainly well worth viewing. Again, it was well thought out and put together. There's nothing I could say was particularly 'wrong' with it, it just doesn't quite click for some reason. See what you think. Soundtrack is provided by Whiteslug, P. Copeland and Another Headache and the film is 24 minutes long ....if you must know.

The third film is another penned by David Bourgoin and called 'Good Things Happen To Thoses Who Love The Lord.' A 10 minute film about a middle class, upstanding, bible reading young man that your mother would approve of. He is sitting on a park bench watching two working girls walk by on their way to the street corner where they ply their trade. These poor miserable



sinner. If only they could be shown the true glory of the Lord. He recalls the story of Jesus saving the prostitute and realizes what must be done.

Oh mother, smother me with your purity.

He follows them out to a desolate place. Get on your knees and witness the glory of the Lord.....Oh Christ, my dick hurts so much, suck on me, suck the Lord.....

The women cornered turn on him and stab at his genitals with what looks like a bone (I think I'm missing some symbolism here! Can't have been a bone).

The opening scene of one of the women getting dressed while chain smoking, is evocative of the whole pretence we indulge in -- the dressing up, the red lips, the tight under clothes that shape our uncooperative bodies. There's a thesis to be written on this one scene alone, but I'll be damned if I'm the one to do it! It struck me how much more infused with a sense of mental turmoil it would have been if this character wasn't one of the working women, but actually a woman who was dressing up as the male in the film. Just a thought. Music for this one by Whiteslug and Splintered.

All in all, the 3 films are superb and come highly recommended to you. It is therefore particularly unfortunate that it has a limited availability due to legal reasons. But do all in your powers to track this down. HASSNI.

## YOU'VE MADE YOUR BED ... NOW DIE IN IT!

3 SHORT FILMS BY RICHARD BAYLOR



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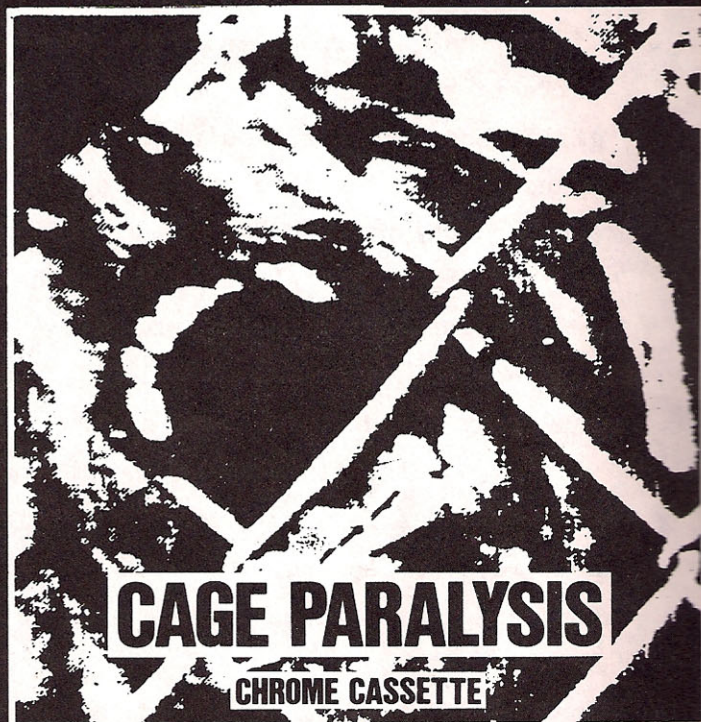
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# WHITESLUG



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## GOOD THINGS HAPPEN TO THOSE WHO LOVE THE LORD

Based on "Cigarettes and Perfume".

By D. Bourgoïn 1990.

Adapted by R. Baylor.

He enjoyed the warm summer nights, reading and observing passers-by. Watching wasn't his only interest, he always had ulterior motives. Between the soft breeze and the drunken ramblings of a park bench bum, two figures of flesh perfected glided through the diseased landscape. They disgusted him with their arse-high skirts and painted faces. He loved their slender legs and their pouting, full lips.

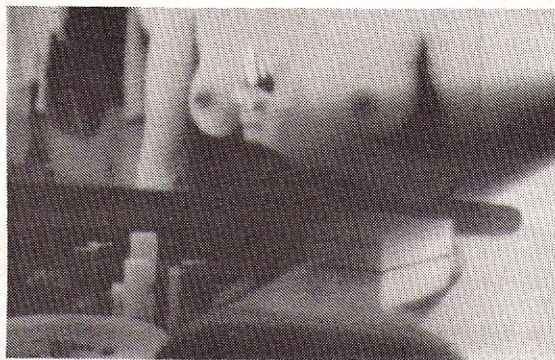
Closing the book, he slowly raised his frame from the bench. He knew the routine...Don't let them know that you are there...Don't let them catch you.... Pick just the right time. After all, wasn't he the most successful at this game? He walked with a swagger and avoided the cracks as best he could. He was superstitious like that, had been as long as he could remember. His mind flashed back to the days he'd walk with his mother and jump from stone to stone. Suddenly, they turned the corner and he jolted himself back to the present. He turned the corner and continued to follow behind them, the smoke from their cigarettes mingling with their perfume left a sweet smelling vapour that was easy to follow.

He loved to trail along, the further they went, the greater the thrill of following. Even as it got darker, he could still see where they were from the lit ends of the cigarettes. he liked to watch the black haired one, the way she moved her arse so seductively and the way she seemed so full of life.

He followed on, catching up, then dropping back. They approached a third party, an outsider, an intruder. He stopped, mouth open, sweat beads starting to form. As the three passed a bottle, he darted for the shadowed shelter of a nearby doorway. "Christ, why let this happen to me, I'm so close!". the sting of headlamps against his tightly shut eyes caused his body to start to tremble. He cranked his head around in time to see the outsider disappearing into the waiting door of this blessed vehicle.

The time was right, he couldn't risk another intrusion. He slipped his hand into his jacket pocket, he felt for the comfort of the tools of his trade. With confidence and authority, he quickly came out of the shadows. They had known him to be behind, it wasn't uncommon for so-called secret admirers. But with his new burst of fervor, they couldn't take a chance. He followed quicker, his heart racing. He stared at their exposed legs, as they fled with stiletto heels clinking on the pavement. He slowed as he saw the chain fence, the chase was over.

The girls hit the barricade and turned in time to see his sick smile of satisfaction. The black haired girl clung to the fence as the long-legged one fumbled in her handbag. She turned and slowly approached with a small smile in her eye. He was glad to approach her first. He was attracted by her dark eyes and anxious to tell her what he had in-store for them. He slowly reached in his jacket, not whispering a word. As his hand found its target, he felt a sharp pain in his groin, not once, but what seemed a million times. As he clutched himself in the dark, the last sound he heard was that of his head cracking on the crenel.



### *Richard Baylor Filmography*

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# : ZOViet - FRANCE :

I FIRST HEARD : ZOViet - FRANCE : IN A RECORD SHOP IN CAMDEN TOWN. THE UNIQUENESS OF THE SOUNDS I HEARD IMMEDIATELY GRABBED MY ATTENTION. I HAD TO HAVE THAT RECORD. IT WAS GIVEN TO ME INSIDE TWO PIECES OF HARD-BOARD TIED TOGETHER WITH STRING. THE PACKAGING CONFIRMED MY SUSPICION THAT HERE WAS SOMETHING A LITTLE BIT SPECIAL. I TRACKED DOWN MOST OF THEIR PREVIOUS RECORDINGS BUT COULD FIND OUT NOTHING ABOUT THE BAND. NO NAMES, NO PHOTOS, NO ADDRESS. A FEW YEARS AND MUCH GRINDING OF TEETH LATER I FINALLY TRACKED THEM DOWN TO NEWCASTLE AND AT THE END OF 1991 WENT UP THERE TO DO THIS INTERVIEW.

DB     So how did it all begin?

ZF     It started in '81, evolving out of a dissatisfaction with the kind of music that some of the : Zoviet-france : members at that time had been involved with. We set out to create something that was more intuitive. Something we could call our own. We abandoned all the instruments we had been using up till then, which were fairly conventional, electric guitars and things like that and quite quickly began using anything that would make a sound and be a tool for making Z-f music. By chance we got introduced to Red Rhino records and that was the start of our recording career really.



DB Did being in Newcastle make it easier to go in the direction you wanted without having the pressures you'd get in London?

ZF We weren't really that aware of what was going on in London at that time apart from hearing a few records that happened our way, Throbbing Gristle Nocturnal Emissions and people like that. We seemed to be very detached from it partly because we didn't get to hear so much about them and partly because of the geography. So it wasn't so much easier it was more an honest and individual approach.

DB So you had no contact with others working in a similar field?

ZF No not at all. I think the first kind of contact we had with anybody from the London scene was when Test Department played up here during the miners strike. But at the same time by '83 we were still very much in the same situation. We'd released four releases by then and we'd realised very early on, even before the first record came out, that interest in this country was going to be very restricted and that we'd have to look to an international audience which we did, virtually to the extent of excluding Britain altogether. So although we had no contact with what was going on in this country we did have a lot of contact with what was going on in Europe and America.

DB As you weren't part of a particular scene in Britain who influenced you?

ZF I'm always very hesitant to start thinking about influences because we didn't relate to one particular group or series of musicians or historical tradition or anything like that. But we went living on an island. We were listening to a lot of experimental stuff from old fields of experimental music from Stockhausen through th Throbbing Gristle. As well as other types of music, Dub Reggae, Heavy Metal and listening to sound making devices in themselves and listening to a lot of our own recordings. That's still very true today, particularly for myself, I probably listen to more : Zoviet-france : material than I do anything else.



DB You've been a fairly obscure group until recently, people tending to come across you by accident. Was this deliberate?

ZF Well people do come across us by accident. Less so these days. But originally they did and the only thing that made them buy the records was the packaging which wasn't the intention but I think that's how a lot of people got introduced to the music as there was no promotion or radio play.

DB Did you not send out releases to music papers and magazines?

ZF Red Rhino did at first and there were one or two reviews here and there. But I think very few people go out and buy records by groups they've never heard of before on the strength of a review. Something else we realised early on was that it would be word of mouth that would inform people about what we were doing and until the last two or three years that has been very much the case. As far as the anonymity goes (which was the other part of your question). It is not really a willful anonymity. We are not trying to create an anti image like the Residents do. It seemed inappropriate because the way we looked at the music ourselves was that it was being produced in an abnormal state of being and it was so intuitive because it was improvised. (We never tried to compose pieces of music, or return to them later). It was like producing something and there it was. So we always had this objective feeling about it. To attach any kind of personality to that seemed totally inappropriate. So to say that we are the producers of this music and this is Ben Ponton and this is a photograph of him seemed a totally ludicrous idea.

DB How do you go about writing your material?

ZF All the stuff released so far has resulted essentially from live recording sessions. With all of us getting together piling a load of equipment in the middle of where we are and improvising for a few hours. We have manipulated the recordings to some extent afterwards but it's really very much whatever it was we improvised.



DB Is that why you don't use recording studios?

ZF Well most studios are not really capable of handling improvisation. They're just designed with the multitrack approach in mind. Then there's cost and time limitations. A lot of people making their own music have a dual approach to things. There's the music that they play live and there's the recordings that they make in the studio and the two seem to be totally separate in their minds. Which seemed ludicrous to us. So we thought if studios can't cope with what we want to do or we can't cope with studios then why bother with them. In fact the last time we used a studio was when we recorded Norsch way back in 1982.

DB Do you ever use subliminals in your music?

ZF Yeah, but not in a deliberate way. It's not a sinister or a manipulative or a controlling way like perhaps The Hafler Trio do. I think we're fully aware of subliminals and the other tricks you can get up to. A lot of people don't realise how much music is subliminal anyway. When most people talk about subliminals they're talking about hidden sounds or deeply recorded messages or sub/super sonic frequencies. But in fact a lot of the subliminal effect that music has anyway is coming from the regular bandwidth that everybody is used to listening to. One of the most basic fundamentals is that low frequencies appeal to the physically sensational and sexual side of the consciousness and high frequency sounds appeal to the spiritual side of the mentality. The most obvious current use of that kind of subliminal effect is contemporary dance music like Acid House which is low bass frequencies and high pitched diddly bits on top and no midrange what so ever. So it has that twin approach to the sex and mind blowing centres of peoples consciousness.

DB Until recently you rarely played live. Why was this, was it too difficult to set up or did you just not enjoy it?



ZF I think we've compromised twice, in a big way, to reach the point where we are now a gigging band as such. Getting back to the early days, that unconventional approach we were taking about everything from making music to packaging the records also affected our thoughts on live performance. We let it be known that we were completely disinterested in playing live and that we didn't want to play in a conventional gig venue and we didn't want to have any of the traditional conventions that were attached to live bands whatsoever. We had various contact with people who were interested in putting on a : Zoviet - france : visitation rather than a live gig (it would have been a multimedia thing) but it came to nothing. So we compromised that and decided we would play conventional venues but we'd only really respond to people who wanted to do something unconventional in them. This was all shortly before Andy became involved. Then whenever we did play live we were taking a huge ammount of equipment with us and by the time we got to play in Berlin we'd compromised on that and devised an approach in which we could perform with a more realistic ammount of equipment. So we've now become so skilled at that and having done this large tour of the States we feel completely capable of reproducing the music in just about any live situation.

DB A lot of the equipment you use live doesn't look like conventional stuff. Do you build some it yourselves?

ZF Some of it we make ourselves. Getting back to that compromising the bigger equipment tended to be the stuff we'd made ourselves so we were loathe to be restricted from using that for a long time. But we still have a lot of other stuff like ethnic instruments and a large ammount of sound processing equipment.

DB When Red Rhino went out of business did you consider moving to another label or did you always want to set up Charrm?



ZF The first incarnation of Charrm was in 1985 when we were still very much with Red Rhino. There was only one release which was the Hafler Trio album 3 ways of saying 2. That fizzled out for a while as we weren't really interested in running a record label at that time and it just seemed to be duplicating what Red Rhino were doing. Though we had for a long time before Red Rhino went bust made a decision that we would as soon as possible set up our own label and become self sufficient in that way and self supporting.

DB Do you have plans to release anybody else on Charrm ?

ZF Yeah, we always have had. The intention behind the label was that as well as being the principal : Zoviet-france : vehicle it would also be a means of presenting to the world music that we thought particularly interesting and innovative. But so far sheer economics have prevented us from doing that.

DB What are your future plans?

ZF To keep going as we are really, discovering new music. In the short term we've got a lot of releases planned over the next six months or so. There's a retrospective coming out from the Grey Area which brings together tracks from compilations we've been on, most of which have been deleted since. It should make a great release.

RECOMMENDED LISTENING.

MOHNOMISHE Red Rhino Records 1984 (lp) Charrm 1990 (CD)  
ASSAULT AND MIRAGE Red Rhino Records 1987 (cassette)  
JUST AN ILLUSION Staaltape 1990 (CD)  
SHADOW THIEF OF SUN Death Of Vinyl 1991 (CD)



# SADOMASOCHISM :

## A STUDY OF CONTROL AND CONSENT

by DEBORAH JAFFE.

The word scares people. Sadomasochism. Connoting images the average person does not understand, he or she is confronted with fear. The big television screen in the mind conjurs up images of naked terrified women being branded and whipped, burnt at the stake and subject to someone else's will so evil it is unthinkable.

I am unable to explain sadomasochism to anyone not willing to try and understand. After speaking with countless people on the subject of S/M I have come to the simple conclusion that one cannot convert the stubborn, one cannot win over someone who does not wish to hear your message.

Being involved in S/M myself, I'd love to tell you to just go away so I can continue to revel in the fact that I am part of an enthusiastic underground minority that is construed as more than a little bit naughty; I'd love to maintain sadomasochism's perverse reputation, afterall, it's more fun to take the dangerous route and engage in forbidden activities, it's more thrilling to do what you're not supposed to do, isn't it? In other words, if S/M were sanctioned, understood and widespread it just wouldn't be the same. I'd love to tell you that you should be afraid of it. S/M is fear inspiring. It can take you to places you never thought you'd go to. It can challenge you. It can excite you. It can open your mind. These "side effects" of S/M are exactly what our Controlling Factors don't want to have happen to us. The government would prefer your intellect to be lazy. If you began really thinking for yourselves you'd see the truth of their hypocrisy and lies. The powerful religions of the world have the same motivations. Control. Your intellect can put power and control back in your hands where it belongs. Sadomasochism is one form of exercising your intellect sexually. I am of the ridiculously obvious belief that whatever consenting adults do in private quarters is absolutely their business and no one else's. Strange how this basic concept of personal freedom has been contorted and destroyed in our society.

I'd like to burst everyones fear bubble and throw the word CONSENT at them. Consent. The key word to all S/M activities. Misconception occurs when people think of S/M and are unable to understand where and how consent happens in the course of a dom/sub session. It LOOKS unconsensual.

In the best of circumstances, a sane S/M session would consist of participants who trust each other and whereby a discussion would ensue prior to the beginning of a scene to establish everyones expectations and limitations,



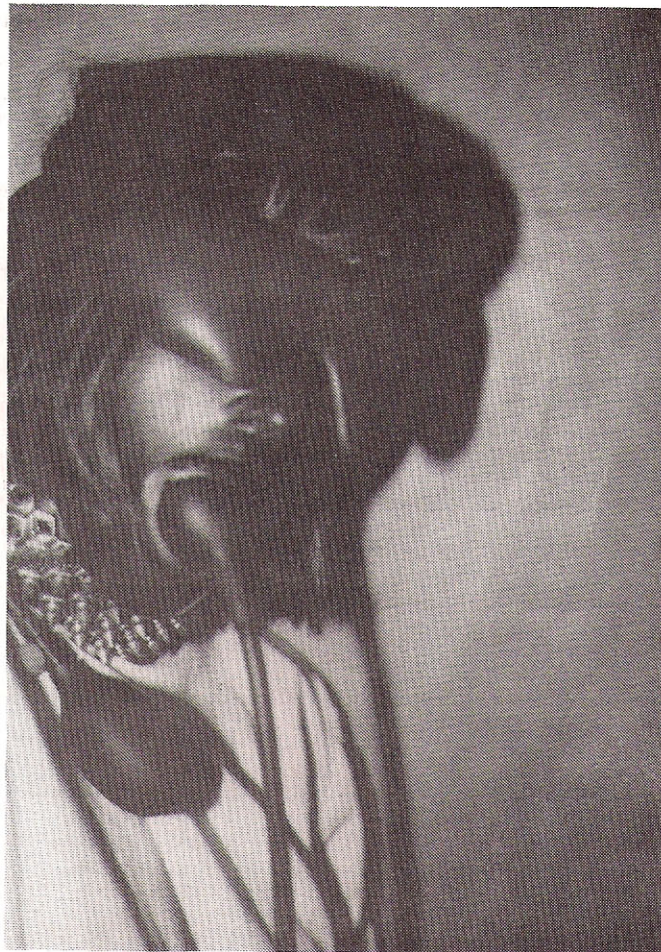
thus, hopefully, eliminating misunderstandings. I despise coercion in any form. If a slave does not wish to submit I have no interest in that slave.

The biggest factor in everyones misconceptions is : how can PAIN feel good? Besides, it's sick to hurt someone, isn't it? Having experienced both sides of the sadomasochistic coin, I know firsthand the pleasure inherent in pain. Odd as it may seem, there is a sense of elation and liberation in receiving pain for an extended period of time. Natural chemicals in the brain secrete endorphins, causing a kind of euphoria. This state of being can become addictive to some. Submissives have complex reasons for choosing to be

submissive. It can be difficult or virtually impossible to verbalize those reasons because they are so deeply personal. But the fact remains, they do choose.

In the past few years I've decided I prefer to be dominant with men and submissive occasionally with dominant women. A good Mistress must be unpredictable, demanding, cruel, capricious and most of all creative. Though leather, latex and PVC make for wonderfully sexy and sometimes fearful outfits, "un-S/M" stimulates me more than all the traditional trappings that smother S/M play sessions. Psychological aspects of sadism are more interesting to me than fashion or superficial poses. I love an enthusiastic masochist who is extreme in his taste for torture. In the most ideal sense which can be hard to instigate, the masochist won't be a friend of mine; it is more satisfying to dominate a stranger knowing I won't be sitting down to dinner with that person afterwards or socializing in any way. I prefer to keep it pure.

Sex has always been a difficult subject for most people to talk about. Add to that difficultly the sadomasochist factor and it becomes almost impossible to converse about. A well known ex-publisher/editor of an underground music magazine phoned and explained his desire to have a "sexual experience" with me. I listened then said, "Sure, but I don't think you'd like it too much." He was dumbfounded as to why he wouldn't like it. Succinctly put, I don't "have sex" with people. I don't "go to bed" with people. I don't get laid.



"HEAR NO EVIL SPEAK NO EVIL"



All these VANILLA SEX activities and jargon don't interest me much. Couldn't he understand that? A sexual experience with me first of all would only occur if I felt the person captured my interest and deserved my attention. Few do. Second, very few SEXUAL activities in the normal sense would take place. In my dominant role I don't give blow jobs (I'd just as soon slice it as suck it) and I usually refuse to be fucked. If fucking occurs, I'm on the giving end, not receiving.

I must be in control at all times or else the S/M session ends. I must feel as if the slave is appreciative and humble for the attention I so graciously give or else the session ends. I must have full enthusiasm and reaction from the submissive or else the session ends. I love to tease and torture willing "victims." However, the pleasure is directed towards me, not the slave. I couldn't care less about his/her pleasure. It simply must be that way by necessity.

In the past, pornography catered to strictly male pleasure. Sadomasochism -- particularly female dominant S/M -- permits a more proper distribution of the perceived pleasure. It is essential that S/M video and straight pornography alike show strong women in control of their lives, in control of their bodies and in control of their pleasures in every way possible. Men believe their dicks are to be worshipped, their sauce to be begged for, their needs all-powerful. I'm here to give them the message that they were all wrong all these years. The reverse of everything you've come to believe is actually true.

There are a few sights as exciting to me personally than a man tied, gagged, tortured and truly appreciating every minute of it, craving it, burning for it, desiring my sadistic intent and purposes, and -- most importantly -- understanding why he needs and desires it. It is not enough to simply want something. Dig deeper. WHY do you want it? What purpose will it serve you? What do you need to learn from it? How far will you go and why? These questions have more to do with the intellectual side of sexual pleasure and human experience.

One of the reasons I dislike vanilla sex is the mindlessness it caters to. We are born with the sex urge, it comes naturally without thought. When you become a teenager your hormones kick in whether you want them to or not. But with sadomasochism, you have choices and must think about the reasoning behind what you want and educate yourself to do it safely and creatively, you must really WORK to find information about it. Therefore, the effort creates a highly time-invested project of personal importance. You have to stop and THINK, something people don't seem to want to do much of in these days when everything has to be easy, convenient and instant.

To blast headstrong with the fleeting knowledge that there is so much more to life quickly becomes an empowering naturally inebriating life-affirming feeling. S/M delivers to the brave seeker a sense of pride, a sense of wonderment that the human body can survive more (and indeed enjoy more) than



previously thought. But all this does take courage and that is something people lack to a frightening degree. When you finally muster the courage to try something you never thought you'd try -- and actually wind up liking it -- you will experience a sensation unlike any other.

Society -- this conservative, no-risks-taken, white-male governed society we live in -- must be turned inside out. The status quo must be revoked. Our sexual freedom to include sadomasochism in our private lives if we wish and to view sexually explicit materials if we wish must not be denied. It is part of the whole picture that controls how we behave, what art we look at, what we wear, how women are viewed in society and how we choose to indulge in pleasure : a picture that grows dimmer each year unless we determindly fight and steadfastly oppose such control upon our personal freedom.

Conversely, we place a lot of restrictions arbitrarily on ourselves. Prehaps it is time to emancipate ourselves. Prehaps it is time to LET GO. You might just discover that human experience is richer and more exciting than you ever deemed possible.

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